

UNDER CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES

I am lonely for past kisses,
for wild lips certain streets
breed for pleasure.
Romance is a foxhole.
This kind of war frightens me.
I don't want to die
sleeping with soldiers
I don't love.

I want to court outside the race,
outside the class, outside the attitudes—
but love is a dangerous word
in this small town.
Those who seek it are sometimes found
facedown floating on their beds.
Those who find it protect it
or destroy it from within.

But the disillusioned—
those who've lost the stardust,
the moondance, the waterfront;
like them, I long for my past.
When I was ten, thirteen, twenty—
I wanted candy, five dollars, a ride.

WHERE SEED FALLS

Stalking.
The neighborhood is dangerous
but we go there.
We walk the long way.
Our jangling keys
mute the sound of our stalking.
To be under the sky, above
or below a man.
This is our heat.
Radiant in the night.
Our hands blister with semen.
A field of flowers blossoms
where we gather
in empty warehouses.
Our seed falls
without the sound or
grace of stars.
We lurk in shadows.
We are the hunger of shadows.
In the dark
we don't have to say
I love you.
The dark swallows it
and sighs like we sigh,
when we rise
from our knees.